

A Chorus Line Soundtrack "Dance: Ten; Looks: Three"

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[VAL]

Dance: ten; Looks; three.
And I' still on unemployment,
Dancing for my own enjoyment.
That ain't it, kid. That ain't it, kid.

"Dance: ten; Looks; three,"
I like to die!
Left the theatre and
Called the doctor for
My appointment to buy...

Tits and ass.
Bought myself a fancy pair.
Tightened up the derriere.
Did the nose with it.
All that goes with it.

Tits and ass!
Had the bingo-bongos done.
Suddenly I'm getting nash'nal tours!
Tits and ass won't get you jobs
Unless they're yours.

Didn't cost a fortune neither.
Didn't hurt my sex life either.

Flat and sassy,
I would get the strays and losers.
Beggars really can't be choosers.
That ain't it, kid. That ain't it, kid.

Fised the chassis.
"How do you do!"
Life turned into and
Endless medley of
"Gee it had to be you!"
Why?

Tits and ass!
Where the cupboard once was bare
Now you knock and someone's there.

You have got 'em, hey.
Top to bottom, hey.

It's a gas!
Just a dash of silicone.
Shake your new maracas and you fine!
Tits and ass can change your life.
They sure changed mine.

Have it all done.
Honey, take my word.
Grab a cab, c'mon.
See the wizard on
Park and Seventy-Third
For

Tits and ass.
Orchestra or balcony.
What they want is whatcha see.
Keep the best of you.
Do the rest of you.

Pits or class.
I have never seen it fail.
Debutante or chorus girl or wife.

Tits and ass,
Yes, tits and ass
Have changed...
My...
Life...!

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